History of Black Hawk War Peace Treaty

From the southeast to the southwest corner: Attewall Wootton, Joseph Forbes, Marks Smith, David Wood, Hyrum Oakes, Martin Oakes, H. Horsley, Moroni McOlney, David, Andrew and James Hamilton, James and David Provost, John Van Wagoner, Sr., Eph. Van Wagoner, David Van Wagoner, John Watkins, Alvah and Ephraim Hanks.

John Watkins was bugler and Sidney H. Epperson and Ira N. Jacobs were officers of the Fort.

Later came the following families: Empey, Alexander, Bunnel, Probst, Hasler, Murri, Haueter, Alder, Hair, Barben, Remund, Kohler, Davis, Street, Huffaker, Lewis, Claybourne, Horner, Pyper, Gibson, Kummer, Luke, Schaer, Besendorfer, Khuni, Peterson, Kennah, Hancock, Gertsch, Worsley, and others.

It was here that perfect harmony, thrift, refinement, culture and education prevaded the air, unsurpassed nowhere in the West. It was inspirational in later years to hear the chimes of the Swiss cowbells as the cows came home from the hills and pastures. It sounded like chimes in the ancient cathedrals. The ringing of the big church bell that called the people to worship, still hangs in the old church tower.

Chapter V

CHIEF TABBY MAKES PEACE

In mid-summer, 1867, the settlers began to fear a re-occurrence of the raids and depredations of the previous year. They had reason to suspect the Utes who had only recently been persuaded to go to the Reservation. These Indians, supposedly friendly, had come the preceding fall and on numerous occasions stolen a number of valuable stock along in late evening and at night.

In Heber several Indian raiders took cattle from Hundley's corral. A posse of settlers led by Isaac (Babe) Cummings, Joe Parker, Andrew Ross and Sid Carter followed and caught the Indians in the Strawberry Valley; killed one of them, wounded others and recovered the stolen cattle and secured four ponies besides. Such depredations continued until mid-July, when John Cummings, special scout, found an Indian in the east hills skinning an ox he had killed. Cummings crept up on the thief and surprised him. He brought him into Heber at the muzzle of his rifle. The court held him as a prisoner and invited Chief Tabby to come over and make peace with them.

Chief Tabby accepted. A month later he came riding across the ridge with all the Indians under his rule—bucks, squaws and papooses. They made their camps in green grassy nooks along the Provo River where their ponies

could graze. Wickie-up were to be seen in all directions. It was a gala day, of momentous hilarity and rejoicing.

The settlers were happily surprised and set to work with a will. The men set up benches and big tables of boards on the Public Square. The women bustled about preparing a feast. Each woman in the valley was asked bake a dozen loaves of bread. The item on the menu, however, that really gladdened the heart of the Indian was beef. They cooked some three or four beeves and served abundant quantities of milk, butter, potatoes, carrots and some of the good things in their larder. They ate in high good humor and did impressive justice to the viands, but the white women smilingly brought on more. What they did not consume the squaws tucked into sacks and baskets and carried away.

After the meal the redskins and whites smoked the peace pipe. Leaders of the whites, Wm. Wall, John Witt, William McDonald, Sidney Epperson and others, spoke to the Indians, waging the mutual benefits of peace and telling of the good feeling of the white men for the red. Chiefs Tabby, Towintey, Moroni and others responded in the Ute tongue, saying they were all good Indians and were willing to lay by the weapons of war. Thus the peace-making effort came to a successful conclusion.

Besides food the Indians were given pres-

ents. These consisted of clothing, quilts, blankets, coats, hats, dresses, petticoats and other atricles too numerous to mention. The Indians remained for a few days, then with their presents they returned to their home over the eastern hills.

Later in the fall of 1867 the notorious Chief Blackhawk went to the Ute Indian Reservation, laid down his arms, smoked the peace pipe with Colonel Head and then asked him to apply the scissors to his long black hair. This the Indian Superintendent did happily: News of the momentous event ran swiftly through the territory and the Pioneers heaved sighs of relief to know that their Indian troubles were over. The anxiety and worry of patient mothers for the safety of their husbands and children, brought a new ray of hope and contentment for them.

Heberville Named Heber City

And now the picturesque little valley was taking on new life. New home-seekers were arriving almost daily.

Heber City was the pivotal point and became the County Seat of Wasatch County.

On Augus 20, 1862, the following officers were elected:

George W. Bean — Representative to the State Legislature.

Thomas Todd, James Duke and Sidney H. Epperson—County Councilmen.

John Hamilton—Sheriff.

John Sessions—Surveyor.
Henry Young—Recorder.
Thomas H. Giles—Commissioner of Schools.
John M. Murdock—Treasurer.
Thomas Rasband and Norton Jacob—Justimes of Peace.
Zemira Palmer and William W. Wilson—Constables.
John Witt and Jeremiah Robey — Pound Keepers.

Among the early settlers of Heber City, not mentioned in some of the preceding pages, were the following:

Hatches	Dukes	Murdocks
Cummings	Blackleys	Muirs
Thomas	Sessions	Carrols
Jones	Cliffs	Bonds
McDonalds	Turners	Rasbands
Baums	Smiths	Clydes
Witts	Youngs	Montgomerys
Fraughton	Giles	Turners
Jeffs	Buells	Roberts
McMillans	Carlisles	Hanks
Crooks	Mayhos	Howarths
Fortis	Hickens	Averetts
Fishers	Lindsays	Colemans
Bairds	McMullins	Cleggs
McNaughtons	Mairs	Chapmans
Nelson	Foremans	Horner
Walls	Meeks	Borens
Harveys	Lees	

Wings, and others.

Charleston

On the Provo River Bottoms

George Noakes and Freeman Manning wintered stock in the south end of the valley in 1858 near Decker Ranch.

They settled at Charleston the following year with Nymphus C. Murdock, Enoch Gurr and the Daybells, with David Walker first presiding Elder. In 1877 John Watkins was appointed Bishop with George Powell first and Enoch Richens second counselours. Later came the Bagleys, Simmons, Ritchies, Thackers, Wrights, Caspers, Browns, Allens, Wagstaffs, Bakers, Wintertons, Edwards, and others.

Round Valley

Round Valley, now Wallsburg, was settled in the spring of 1864 by William Wall, William Boren, George Brown, William Haws, M. Mecham, D. H. Greer, H. Bigelow, R. Allred, Edward Stark and Moses Mecham.

Enoch Gurr was first presiding Elder there.

Center

Center Ward was first settled by Thomas Ross, Joseph Faucett, Joseph Cluff, James Adams, Jackson Smith and George Sweat.

Later followed the Harveys, Barnes, Gibsons, Mahoneys, Cluffs, Blakes, Sessions, Lindsays, Thomases and others.

Buysville

Buysville, now Daniels Ward, was settled in the early sixties by the Howes, Bethers, Orgills, Jacobs, Cliffs, Nelsons, Buys, McGuires, Bells, Thackers, Andersons, Carlens, Oaks, Cliffs, Gordons, Plummers and Bjorkmans.

Robert Ross Epperson was born January 17, 1867, in Midway.

In 1868 dirt roofs were replaced with shingles secured from the David Van Wagoner Shingle and Sawmill. On March 11, 1868, Sidney H. Epperson was reappointed by Abraham Hatch, with David Van Wagoner and Ira N. Jacobs, counselors, to preside at Midway.

William Henry Epperson was born January 12, 1868 in the "Log Fort String," Midway.

In 1868 a Co-op Store was organized with Sidney H. Epperson, president; David Van Wagoner, vice-president, and John Huber, Secretary

The first stock subscribed was eight hundred dollars in shares of ten dollars each. It was opened for business May 17th in the George Snyder Hall. It was built by Judge Snyder, who later moved to what is now called Snyderville, some two miles north of Park City, one of the richest silver mining camps in the west.

A Ladies Industrial School was organized October 25, 1869, and Mary Jane Epperson, wife of Sidney Epperson, was elected president.

On January 12, 1871, when the snow was three

feet deep, Simon Shelby Epperson, the writer of this story, was born in one of the primitive pioneer log cabins of the "Old String Fort" surrounding the public square at Midway. It must have been a cold day indeed, as I have never had warm feet in the winter since I was born.

On April 10, 1870, Sidney H. Epperson was released as Bishop of the Midway Ward and H. S. Alexander sustained, with David Van Wagoner and John Huber as Counselors. They reported there had not been a single drunken person nor any riotous conduct in the county and no liquor or distillery shops in the valley.

After ten years of faithful and enjoyable service, presiding over a branch of the church, Father had magnified his calling and received a most honorable release. He states that he had been repaid a thousand times for all the time he spent and was happy to know that the dreams of the Pioneers had come true; for they were something that were without money and without price. His heart was filled with gratitude in knowing they had been inspired by a religious ideal to a program of continuous self enrichment. He had a burning testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel he had espoused as well as having become bigger and better, more loving and beloved by all within the confines of the little valley in the Rockies. His soul had been touched by the burning fires of celestial light.

He had prospered temporally as well as spirit-

ually. With the help of his older boys they had greatly improved the homestead. Willow thickets, briars and sod grass had been cleared and replanted to fields of golden grain. Twenty acres had been fenced for pasture land. He had a flock of sheep, a fine herd of milch cows and a band of horses, unsurpassed anywhere in the west. He seemed to be living in the fast-running stream of life.

With the help of his two older boys. Theophelus and Alonzo, now grown to young manhood, he was busily engaged with horse and ox teams hauling logs from the head of Snake Creek to the Moroni Blood saw mill to make lumber for the construction of a new home. Two splendid carpenters, Jed Robey and David Ludlow were engaged to do this work.

The building was to be a spacious one (for those days), consisting of six rooms. On the ground floor was to be a comfortable living room with a huge old-time fire-place for burning logs, a large comfortable kitchen and pantry, with a cool cellar below. Father's and Mother's bed rooms were to be on the north end. From the kitchen a winding stairway to enter a couple of bedrooms above with plenty of space for two beds each. Last, but not least, was the big front porch with pillars supporting a latticed balcony above, which was accessible from the upper story and affording a beautiful view of the valley. Two apple trees were planted near by and

young poplars skirted the outer walks for shade and beauty.

It was late autumn of 1872 the home was finished. There was great rejoicing when Mother with her seven boys and three girls moved from the log house into these comfortable quarters. Alas! the oldtime trundle-bed and camp-kettle were things of the past.

Within a short time the rude log houses around the Public Square were removed. Each settler acquired a town lot and built a permanent home and soon Midway had been converted into a pretty little thriving village.

Daniel David Epperson was born February 17, 1873. He was the first child born in the new home.

1873- This same year the famous Old Pot Rock Tithing Office was begun and finished the following year. The huge cellar was used for roots and vegetables. The upper part had a stage used for shows, home concerts and other amusements. The main floor was used for an assembly hall and dancing. It was here the happy Pioneers tripped the light fantastic toe. The old time Quadrille was their favorite, with George Wardle calling off and Mark Smith, Rone Blood with Jed Robey playing Buffalo Gals or Hell on Snake Creek. You should have seen the dancers sasha and swing on the corners. They sure knew how to do it. Everyone came in for their share of the good old waltz Me Around Again Willie.

In 1875 the Swiss Hall of Music, often used for a dance hall, and later called German Hall, was finished. This too vied for notoriety. It was here Andrew Burgener organized one of the first brass bands in the west, consisting of Jno. and Chris Burgener, C. Burgi, Khuni Abbegglen and Peter Abplanalp, Jr. John Kummer usually furnished the music on his accordion, and how the Swiss people made the rafters ring when they swung into the old-time Polka and Rhythmic Waltz. The old settlers had a real old-time dance and supper in the school house in keeping with their progress and happiness. The Swiss band furnished the music with John Huber, music conductor, in charge.

All was hustle and bustle for Leo Haefeli (the flying Dutchman) had come to town to teach School. He was succeeded however, by Attewell Wootton, who was one of the first teachers in Midway in 1866, where he taught with dignity and honor for fifty years. During this time he was also Superintendent of Schools for over twenty years.

The Flagstaff, Ontario and McHenry Mines had struck rich ore in the adjacent hills, creating a ready market for the farm products of Heber and Kamas Valleys. Father turned some of his attention to mining. His favorite companions were N. C. Springer, Theo. Robey, David Huffaker, Frank Bedky, and Judge Snyder. In company with his brother-in-law, N. C. Springer they outfitted a light spring wagon with tent, saddles,

bedding, supplies, picks, shovels, etc., and made an extensive trip prospecting as far south as St. George. They visited Kanosh, Fillmore, Beaver, Parowan, Cedar City and the adjacent hills but after some three weeks of searching in vain for a mine they returned home with the oft-repeated saying, "All that glitters is not gold." Father said they enjoyed every minute of the trip. They had camped under the stars again, slept on the bosom of Mother Earth, beneath their own blankets and the starry coverlet of heaven. Sleep more refreshing and dreams more sweet were never vouchsafed than those which waited on the grassy couch beneath the sky canopy of night.

Their failure to find a mine, however, did not discourage them. Later they had better luck in the hills nearer home. One of the most profitable finds for Father was the marble quarry, located at the head of Snake Creek. He sold his interest to Andrew Gebhardt of Salt Lake City, for one thousand dollars cash. Huge blocks of marble were carted by ox-team down the rugged canyon and sawed into slabs at the Cornelius Springer homestead and then moved on to Salt Lake City by horse team to market.

He used this money wisely in the purchase of the Ramsdale farm about one and one-half miles south of Midway. There were eighty acres of very choice farm land and a neat little

four-room frame cottage. He had plenty of fine work horses and boys to drive them. Within a few years he threshed over two thousand bushels of wheat and oats, the largest threshing in the valley at that time. B. M. Smith was his greatest competitor for fine horses and huge stacks of grain.

The stork had called again, leaving a dark-eyed beauty whom they named Ruth Lunica Epperson. She was born May 20, 1875. With eleven mouths to feed, father was kept busy providing shoes and biscuits but he always found them. Mother said her flour bin was never empty and no wonder, for it held seven hundred pounds!

Frank Sherman Epperson was born June 28, 1877. He married Ada Mohlman November 21, 1901. She died September 24, 1902. Frank was then called on a mission to the Southern States where he labored in Alabama and later in Ohio. He married Luverna Horrocks October 3, 1908. As well as being an expounder of the Latter-day Saints Gospel, he was also gifted with a sweet voice, having sung to more than one thousand funeral services, without price. He sang in the various ward chapels in the Provo Valley, Salt Lake City and Provo; also on other occasions too numerous to mention. His contribution of songs to the bereaved, and the joyful melodies on happy occasions will ever linger with his host of friends.

Elmer Drew Epperson, the last one of a family of thirteen children was born December 22, 1879. He married Maud Barker February, 1899. She died in August, 1901. They lived with Father and Mother in the old home until she passed away. He was married to Mae Davis December, 1903. They lived most of the time on Father's Ramsdale farm, taking care of it and raising horses and cattle. He died December 31, 1909, and was laid to rest in the Midway Cemetery. Will future generations be able to keep pace with this prolific record?

Now, let each one of us remember that wonderful Mother of ours—Mary Jane Robey Epperson who was born April 28, 1836 in Old Virginia, the "Cradle of Liberty." Like father she too had played well her part in the drama of life in the West. The memories of this noble heroic soul cannot be erased from the heart and soul.

She had gone down into the valley of the shadow of death thirteen times to bring forth a new spirit into the world, a noble posterity of ten boys and three girls that she was proud to own.

She was our first and dearest friend, the one who watched and waited for our coming out of the silence of eternity; the first to plant upon our infant lips life's holiest and tenderest kiss, the first to keep for us the silent vigils of hope and love, the first to sing for us the twi-

light lullaby, "Hush my babe, lie still and slumber," the first to read the language of our smiles and meaning of our tears, the first to interpret our cries and our baby lispings of delight. She was the first to watch us grow, to teach us faith and truth. She was the friend that was always for us and by us, the friend that never turned away, that never faltered, that never failed. She was the first to weep with us over our sorrows and to wonder and hope for us in the hush of the evening hour.

The friend that stood by us when others stood against us, the friend that gave her strength and beauty and life and love for our well-being and it was upon her face that love wrote for us the divinest picture we shall ever see. She was the friend that has no equal, and who stands alone with love and hope that outlasts the world. Mother is the friend that is first in the memory of we children and last in the mind of faltering age. The dearest friend in all the world to us, our lovely Mother.

It was her privilege to have been born of godly parents and to have inherited a strong healthy body as well as a kind and lovable disposition that characterized her all through life.

During the birth and care of her thirteen children she was attended by a kind and skilled mid-wife who called daily for some nine days or as often as required. She washed and

dressed Mother and the babe for the nominal sum of five dollars and felt she had been well paid.

How different conditions are today. The charge would probably range from fifty to one hundred fifty dollars with about half the time and attention given to the patient. It is said that these skilled Pioneer nurses or midwives, as they were called, were endowed with God-given talents and wisdom unsurpassed by the average doctor of today.

Be this as it may, not one of the thirteen children born was ever raised on the milk bottle and they all thrived and grew up nicely to manhood and womenhood without having a doctor prescribe a diet of A, B, C vitamins or to figure out the number of calories necessary for each meal. It was plain, wholesome food, well and regularly prepared, plenty of work, sunshine and sleep. They believed in the axiom "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Mother's famous soda biscuits we all loved so well seemed to be traditional with the Epperson family and no breakfast was ever complete without them spread with golden butter fresh from the old-time churn. Our oldest sister, Mary Luvernia (Mollie), who has now eaten them almost every morning since she passed her eightieth birthday, says she has eaten them ever since she was born and has

seldom been sick a day. What is true of Mollie might be said of the rest of the family. Thirteen hale and hearty boys and girls.

THE FAMILY TREE

There grows in my Grandmother's graden
A wonderful family tree;
Outstretched are its arms to each other,
It beckons to you and to me.
The message from all its bright blossoms,
Like perfume distills in the heart
And binds with good will and glad tidings
To make earth of heaven a part.
Oh we who are the flowers of promise
Once plucked from the family tree,
An unbroken chain of rare beauty
Safe linked to Eternity.

These are the words of our Mother, Mary Jane Robey Epperson, given to Luinca Epperson Mathews at Midway, Utah, June 1, 1912, concerning her testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"I was personally acquainted with the Prophet and remember him well, although I was only a child.

"My father, Jeremiah Robey, worked in the Nauvoo Temple about five years and hung the last door in it. My brother Theophelus and I used to carry father's dinner and as he did the turning we often stayed to tread the lathe.

"I remember well the Prophet Joseph's

coming to my father's home to administer to the sick. Have been at his home and played. Also remember when he was martyred and went to see him after he was dead.

"I still retain the picture very vividly in my mind. Have ever remained a faithful member of the Church and trust I will always continue true and faithful to the end."